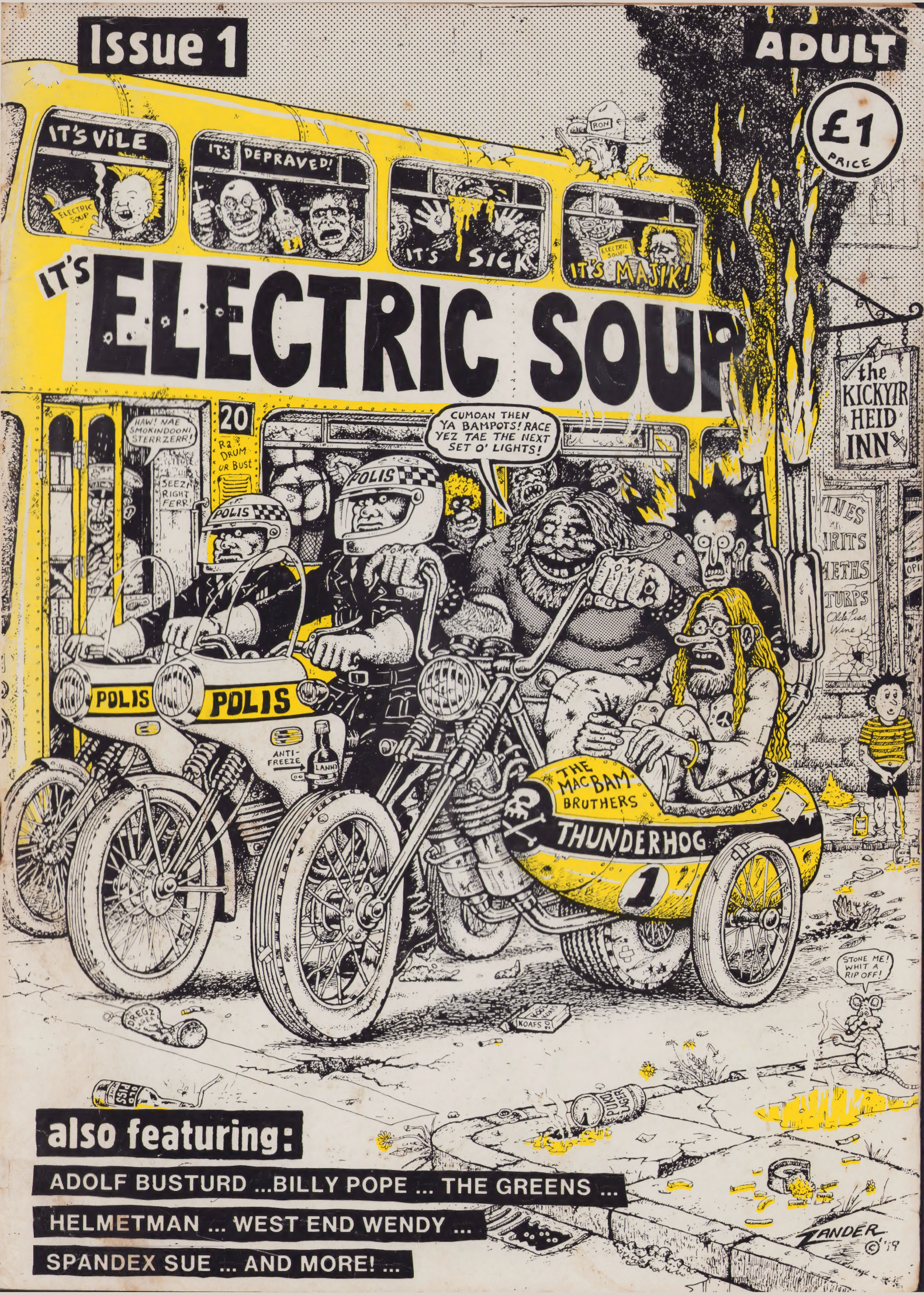
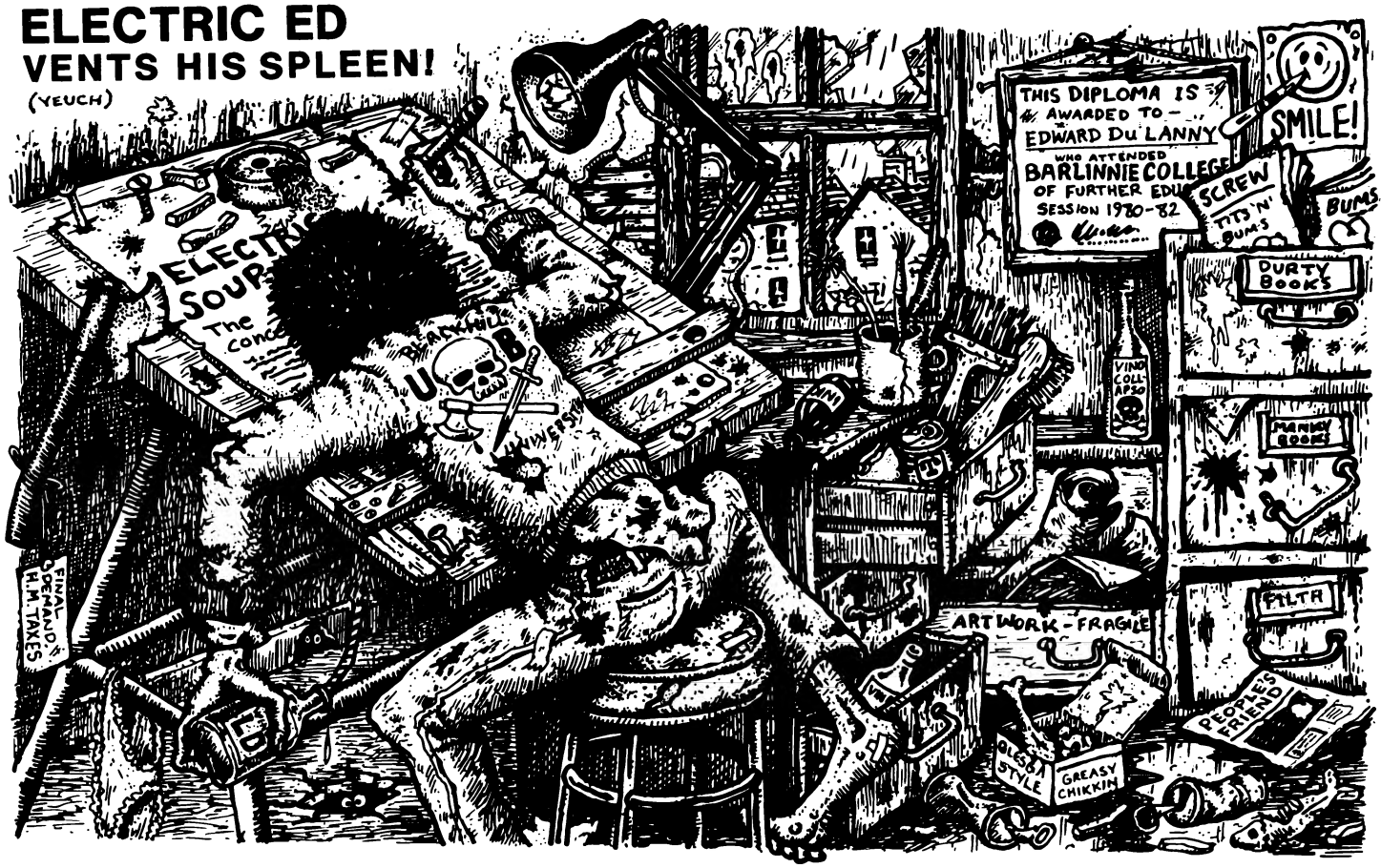

Issue 1
ADULT
£1 PRICE
IT'S VILE
ELECTRIC SOUP
IT'S DEPRAVED!
IT'S SICK
IT'S MAJIK!
IT'S ELECTRIC SOUP
the KICKYIR HEID INN
HAW! NAE SMOKINDOONI STERRZERR!
SEEZI RIGHT FERR!
20
Ra DRUM OR Bust
CUMOAN THEN YA BAMPOTS! RACE YEZ TAE THE NEXT SET O' LIGHTS!
POLIS
POLIS
POLIS
POLIS
ANTI-FREEZE
LANN
THE MAC BAM BRUTHERS
THUNDERHOG
1
STONE ME! WHIT A RIP OFF!
also featuring:
ADOLF BUSTURD ...BILLY POPE ... THE GREENS ...
HELMETMAN ... WEST END WENDY ...
SPANDEX SUE ... AND MORE! ...
ZANDER
©'89

A. BUSTURD
Nº 666
TRAFFIC WARDEN
SHITSTREET
GLASGOW CHIBS BETTER
ANOTHER DAY AND OUR SUPER HERO IS ALL SET TO DO THE BIZ... TO UPHOLD THE LAW AND STICK A TICKET!
A METER WITH 10 MINUTES TILL EXCESS.... HE ALSO SEES THE IDEAL OBJECT TO BECOME..... A JOHNNY BAG
WA' MA SUPERPOWER I WILL DO THESE LAWBREAKERS NAE BOTHER....
THE MEGAKOPPHIS
POP
SUDDENLY....
MINE ME
MINE
MINE
WIT A GREAT DISGUISE NO ONE WILL EVER SUSPECT
STAGGER
LOOK
WAVE
HIC HIC
PNG
BETTY LOOK WIT A FOUND.... GEEZ MA NOOKY HEN
ZIP
AW NAW
STENCH
BONK
HELP
HELP
BONK
AFTER THE JAKIES TORID LOVESCENE THE REVERSE PROCESS TAKES OVER...
ADOLF GETS TWO WEEKS ON THE PAT 'N' MICK WITH THE WORST DOSE EVER WITNESSED
ONE POX-RIDDEN BUSTURD.
SOMME

ELECTRIC ED VENTS HIS SPLEEN!



ELECTRIC SOUP

Issue No. 1

BIG THANKS TO:-

JAMMY JAMSTER

NEIL ORANGEPEEL

SCREENSCENE

EXPRESS PRINT

THE STRATHDUIE

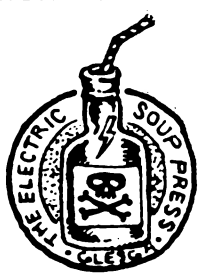
FIFTY THE CAT

DAIMBO

"MYLES COONEY'S

POSTER LOONIES"

Printed & Published in Glasgow, Scotland by a shower of Dope-Fiends, Half-Wits & Partick Thistle Supporters.



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EDITORIAL

I know exactly what you are thinking right at this moment. You are thinking "Do you fuck know what I'm thinking ! don't start me ya Bastard !"

And you are also thinking, "Wait a minute ! I didn't start reading this just to have some Cheesehead tell me what I'm thinking ! Piss off ! Y' don't get this crap in The People's Friend !! "

Well, Look....If you picked up this comic thinking it was "The People's Friend" you're obviously a teaspoon short of the full cutlery set. or else you've had one too many mushrooms.

THIS IS ELECTRIC SOUP

That's slang for a certain wine that makes you walk in any direction except the one you want. Me, I don't drink. . .much. I'm into moderation - in a big way. I'm an organic kind of guy, I only took the job of *Electric Editor* to pay for my levitation lessons - I'm into levitation - I want to live off the land...

The original choice for the post had to pull out after a bad accident. He tripped over a dead dog and split his skull open - got a huge crack which runs from the nape of his neck right over to the bridge of his nose. He'll be back on the job as soon as he gets his head together.

In the meantime, I'm *Electric Ed.* The only person in this operation who knows the difference between a Sheepdog Trial and a Kangaroo Court. I'm the man with the plan - the honcho with the poncho, and while it may not be much of a job, it's better than being rubbed across the nipples with a cheese-grater

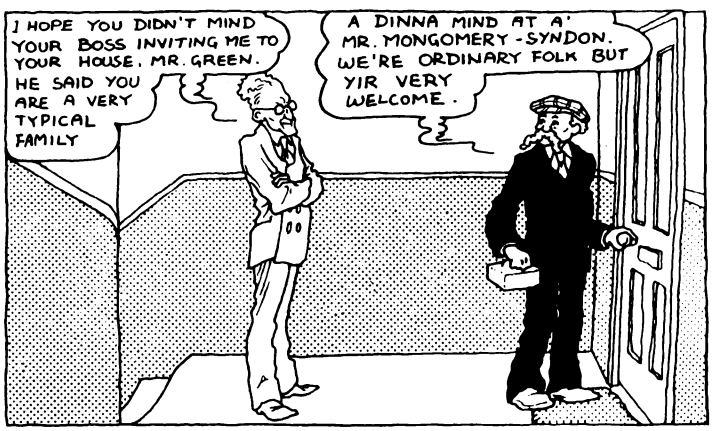
Enjoy your Soup,
ELECTRIC ED.

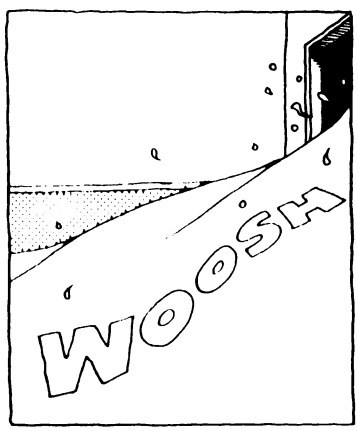
AYE, RIGHT OAN BIG MAN! If ye don't like this comik then eat shite! sined P. MacBam.

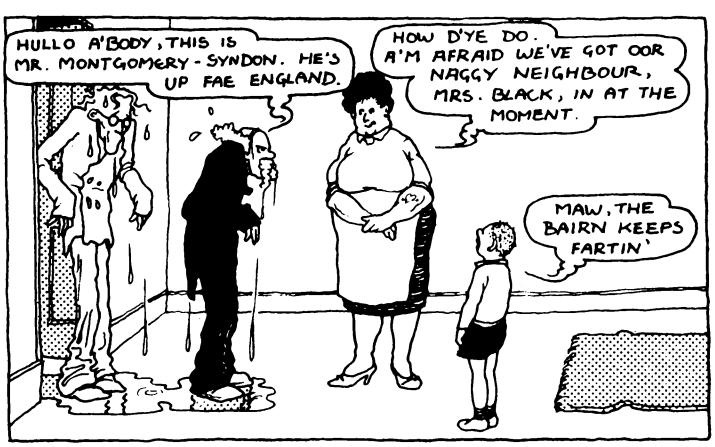
THE GREENS

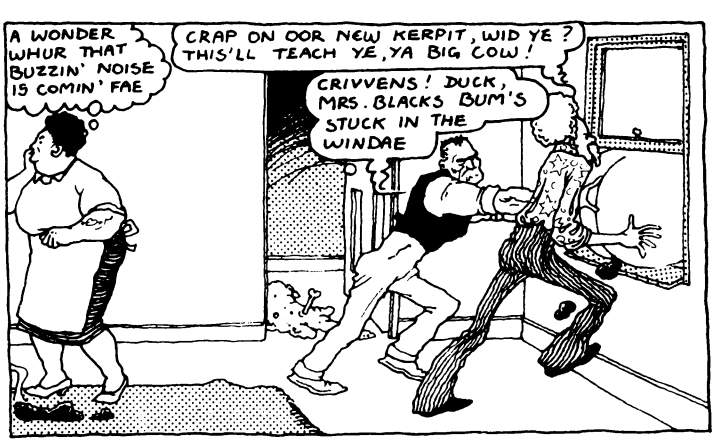
The GLESGA CHAINSAW MASSACRE!

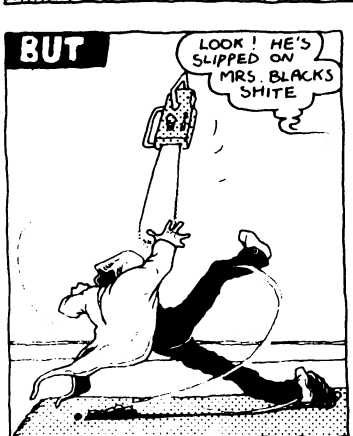
CERT. 18



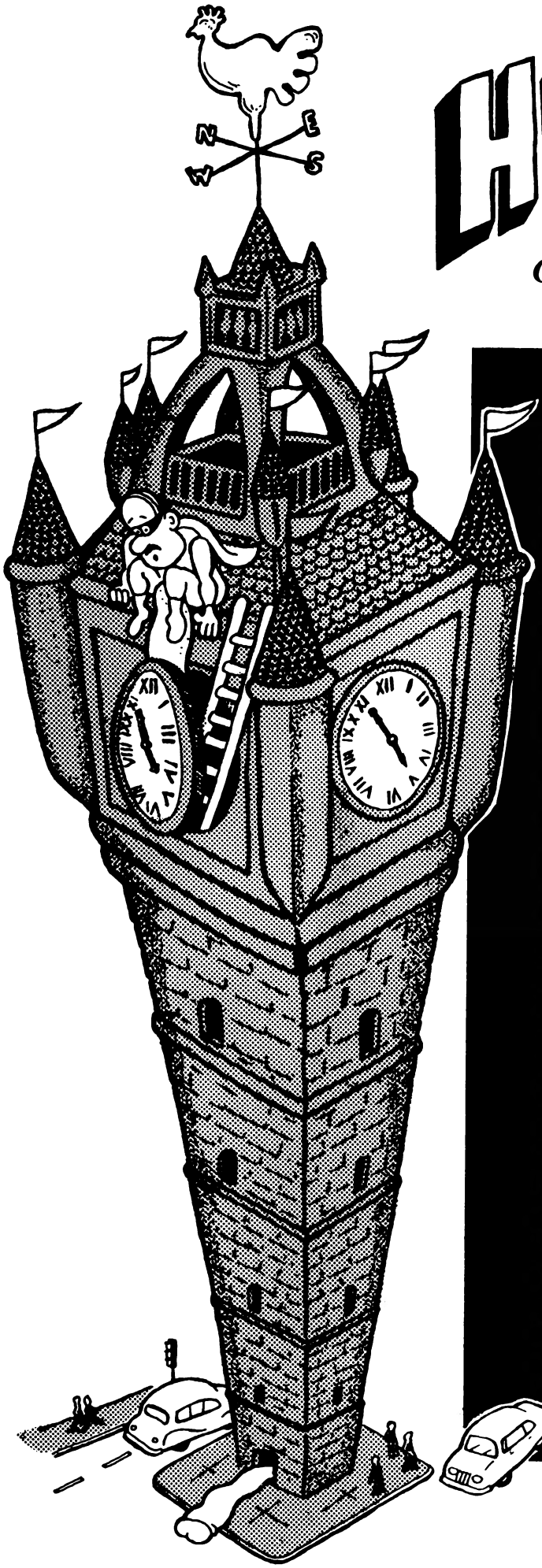








BILLY POPE
HULLO, HULLO, WE ARE THE BULLY McNEILLS
YOU! STOAP YER SHOUTIN'
PISS AFF YA BIG BLUE-NOSE TIMALOY HUN!
SHUT IT, OR I'LL MAKE YOU WATCH 9 HOURS OF TAGGART.
AH-HA, A MASONIC HANDSHAKE
TALK SENSE, AND DON'T TRY USIN' BIG WORDS ON ME, OKAY
NO, SIR!
NO, SIR... WHAT?
NO-SIR-ENDER!! THE CELTS ARE HERE...
IS THERE A PROBLEM, OFFICER?
PISS-OFF FATHER
HEY, YE CANNY TALK TO A PRIEST LIKE THAT
CAN I NOT- SMART ARSE!
NO- YOU SHOULD SAY...
FUCK-OFF, YA STUPID, ORANGE, FENIAN, BLUENOSE BASTARD YE!
WHAT EXACTLY IS YOUR RELIGION ANYWAY?
WHO ME? I DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOOT RELIGION



HELMETMAN©

GLASGOW'S ONLY SUPER-HERO !

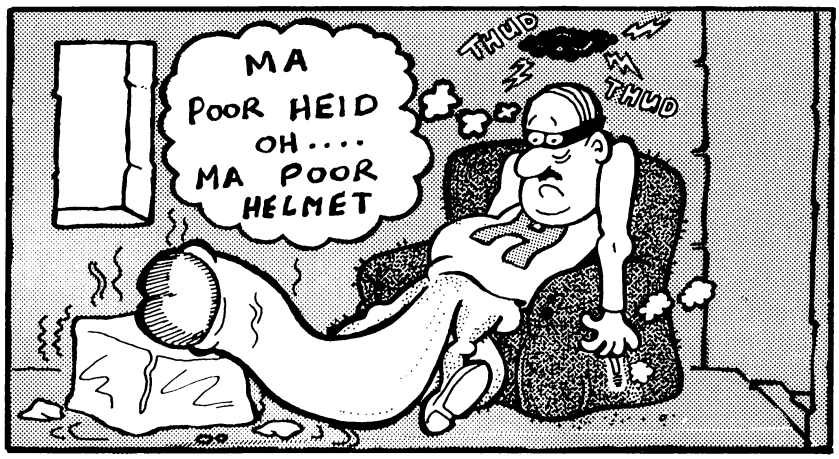
He came from a distant planet called THE DRUM, where people had strange bodies which could do strange things.

The Drum was destroyed when the Emperor changed his own head into a Quark Bomb and then belched.

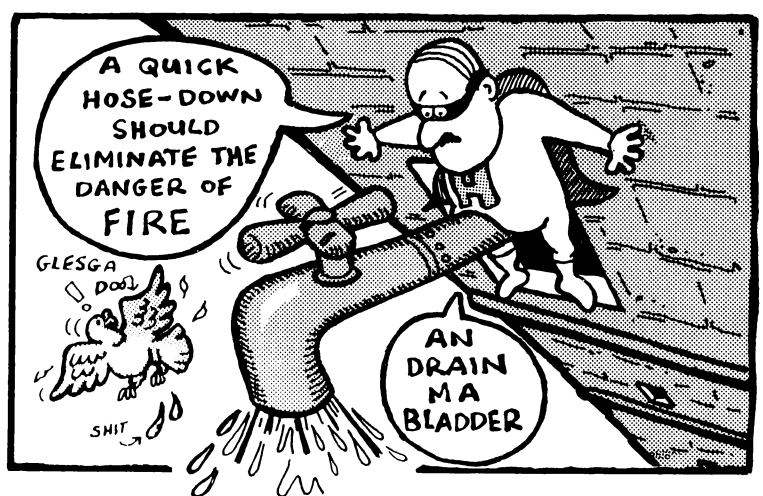
Only one person survived. That man now lives hermit-like atop the Tollbooth Steeple, gazing over the city below, and being careful not to spend too much money on ginger. Many people know him simply as a printer who works somewhere in Trongate. Little do they know of his secret identity and a very weird wang... his "Secret Weapon". For this meek, mild-mannered backstreet printer is none other than. . .

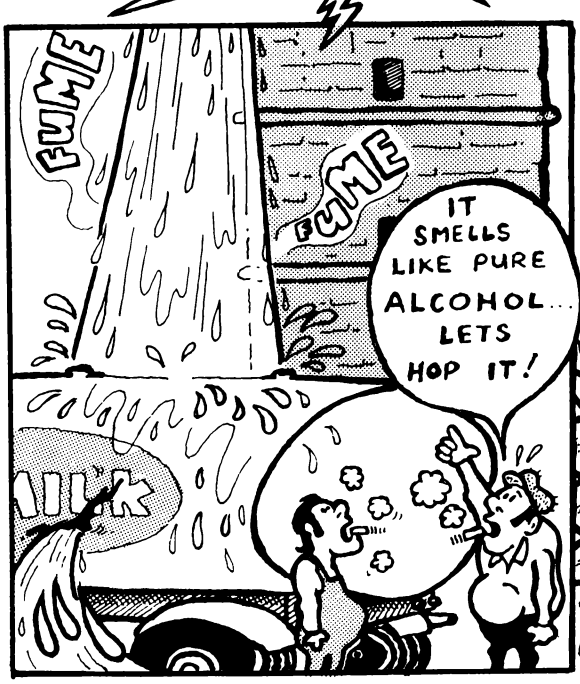
HELMETMAN !

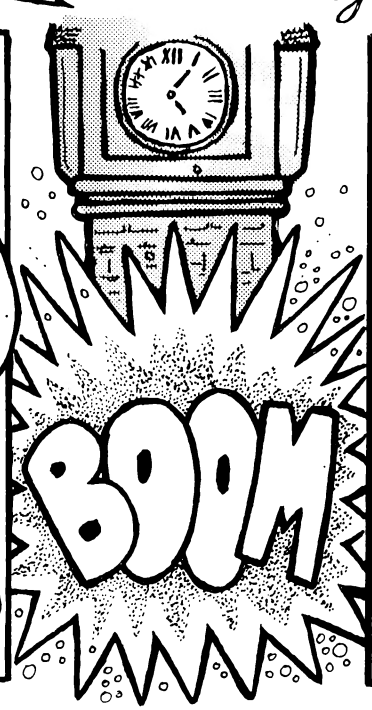
BACK AT HELMET TOWER WE FIND HELMETMAN NURSING A MEGA-HANGOVER AND A WELTING WELTER FROM LAST NIGHTS DOMINO TOURNEY AND THE SUBSEQUENT DO AT 'DRAB RAB'S PAD' BACK IN THE DRUM.

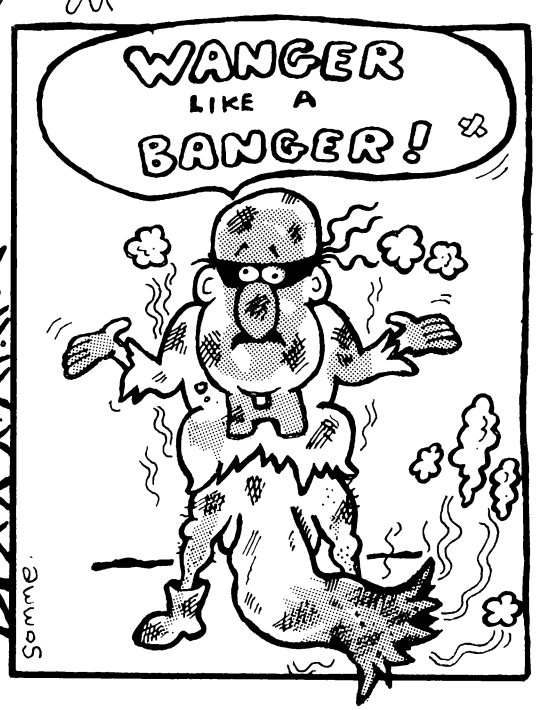


HELP IS SOON ON THE WAY IN THE SHAPE OF OUR SUPER HERO AND HIS DYNAMIC SECRET WANG WEAPON



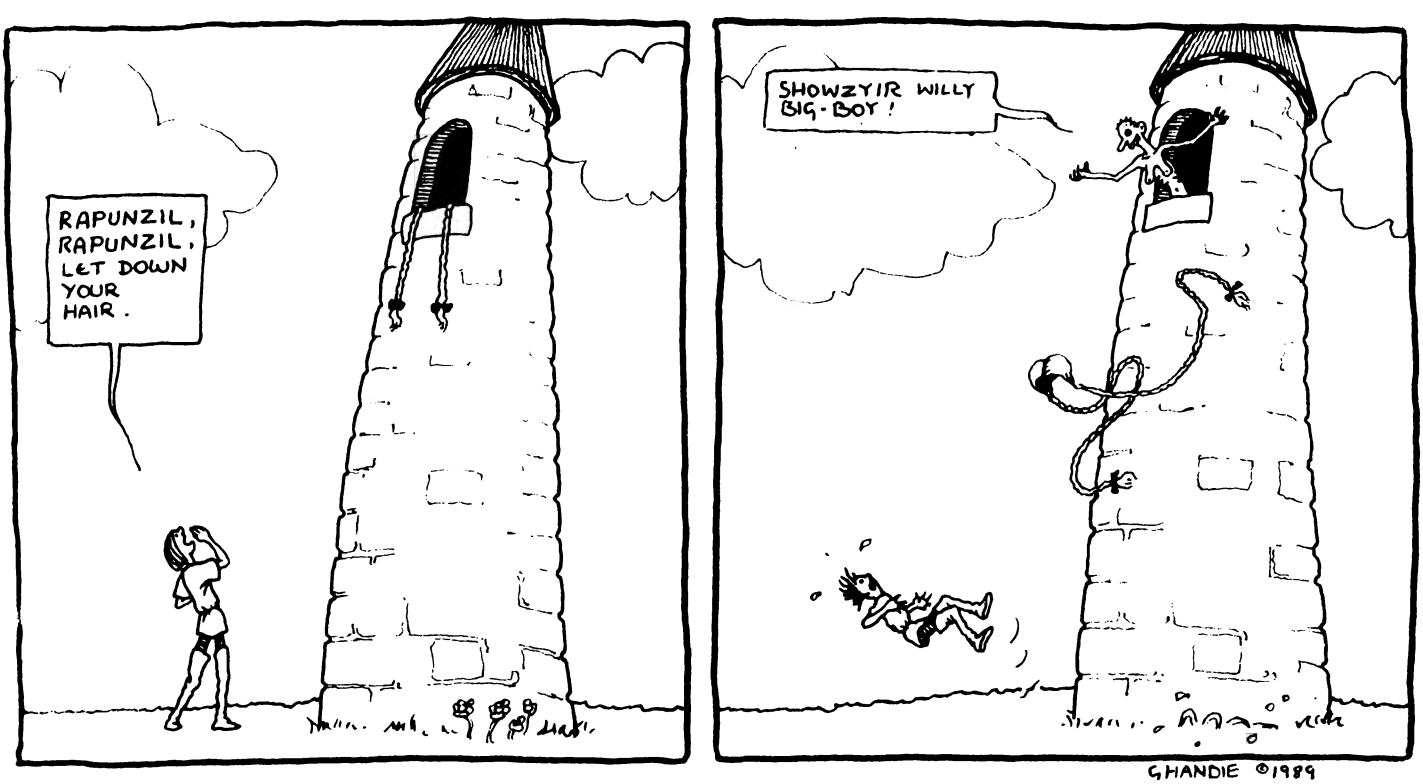






EDITORS NOTE: For the benefit of our English readers (and any other foreign bastards) the 'ch' in keech is pronounced as in the Scottish 'loch'. Keech , for the information of those <u>really</u> ignorant bastards, is a brown, rather smelly substance evacuated from the rectums of most humans and animalls.Thank you.

FAMOUS FAIRY-TALES FROM AROUND THE WORLD



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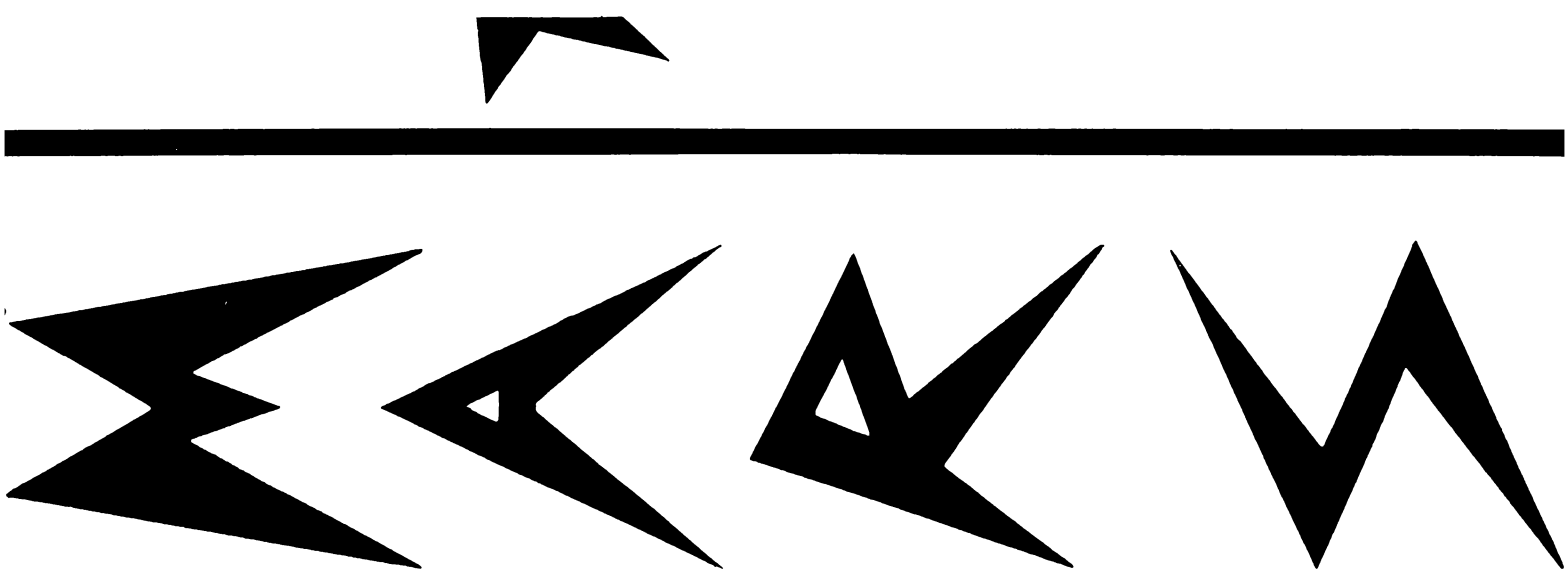


BILLY POPE
HELLO! HELLO! A PINT OF McURINE'S LAGER YA HUN
IN A MO, SIR!
F-*K YER MO... WE'VE GOT JOEY MILLER!
DUNN ©
RIGHT, YA WEESHITE. YOU'RE KNICKED!
CRASH!
AH DON'T REMEMBER ORDERIN' A KERRY-OOT!
TOO KIND - LADS, ANYWHERE IN THE LONDON ROAD WILL DO FINE!
SHUT-IT, SHORT ARSE!
WE UNDERSTAND YOU WERE GOING TO MAKE A HIT ON ONE... MAURICE JOHNSTON!!!
MO CHANCE! SHIT, LOOK AT THE TIME... TEN TAE KICK-AFF!
YOU'LL BE DOIN' TIME SHORTLY!
HONESTLY, YOUR PIGLINESS, I'VE GOT NOTHIN' AGAINST THE WEE BEAD-RATTLIN' BLUE-NOSE, TIM, MASONIC, CATHOLIC BASSA!
OKAY, OKAY, JUST SIGN FOR YOUR STUFF AN' BEAT-IT!
WHAT'S THIS... FRITZ ???
FRITZ.... A GRAND OLD TEAM TO PLAY FOR... GOD SAVE OUR QUEEN.
OH... THE CRY WAS MO-SURRENDER... OH... IT'S GOOD TO BE A ROMAN CANDLE
THAT BOY DISNAE KNOW WHETHER HE NEEDS A SHITE OR A HAIRCUT!

MR. MAJESTICO
JOB CLUB
E.S.P.
THEY'VE JUST OFFERED ME A JOB - SAND PAPERING 'KIN ELEPHANTS DOWN TO GREYHOUNDS...
ARE YOU GONNI TAKE IT?
YES - WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU...
I WANT TO START MY OWN BUSINESS
RIGHT, FILL THIS FORM IN STATING YOUR PREVIOUS EMPLOYMENT AND YOUR ACADEMICAL HISTORY...
I'M REALLY PISSED OFF TODAY - I ALWAYS GET THE WEIRDOS AND TALBOT CENTRE REJECTS
PRICKS LIKE HIM HAVE NO INTENTION OF WORKING - THEIR ONLY JOB IN LIFE IS TO COME HERE AND PISS ME OFF. LOOK AT HIS WEE SLEEKIT EYES DARTIN' ACROSS THE FORM, TRYING TO UNDERSTAND IT, KIDDIN ON HE CAN READ.
HO-HO, HERE HE COMES, WALKS AS IF HE'S GOT TWO HAIRS ON HIS ARSE TIED TOGETHER
COMPLETED YOUR FORM THEN MR. MAJESTICO, WHAT KIND OF BUSINESS IS IT YOU'RE HOPING TO START?
A NINJA MIND-READING SCHOOL YOU ASSHOLE!
GROAN!
RATHORE

THE ADVENTURES OF
JACK RUSSEL
NO PROBLEM.... I'M HEADING FOR SUNNY IBIZA THIS YEAR!
HI J.R., DID YOU MANAGE TO GET A HOLIDAY BOOKED UP TODAY?
THE MATING DANCE
NO, I JUST BOOKED A FLIGHT, AND I MANAGED TO GET MY FAVOURITE SEAT AT THE BACK.
DID YOU GET A FLAT OR AN HOTEL OR WHAT?
THE FLATTER PATTER...
THAT SOUNDS NICE, A SEAT AT THE BACK, OBVIOUSLY BECAUSE YOU'RE AN OLD ROMANTIC AT HEART.
EXIT
SCRATCH
THE PILLOW TALK ...
NOT AT ALL, I'VE NEVER, EVER HEARD OF A PLANE REVERSING INTO A MOUNTAIN, HAVE YOU?
IBERIA AIR - FLIGHT NUMBER 69.
NO, I THINK IT'S TIME I JOINED THE 'MILE HIGH' CLUB!
WILL THAT BE ALL SENIOR?
PLAYBOY
J.R. FINDS HIMSELF IN THE TOILET SLIGHTLY LONGER THAN NORMAL.
I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WAS A FORM YOU FILLED IN!
TOILET
'KIN HELL
Aaa Poos
LATER... AT CUSTOMS.
'AV YOU ANYTHIN' TO DECLARE SENIOR?
AYE, THAT WEE AIR HOSTESS, SHE'S 'KIN LOUSY! O.K.
SCRATCH
CLAW
J.R.S ALL AT SEA.
WHAT ARE YOU ALL LAUGHING AT.... IT'S NOTHING TO CLAP ABOUT!
TO EL BEACH
CLIP
AT LAST THE CURE..
MAGIC, THE OLD SALT WATER'S JUST THE TRICK FOR GETTIN' SHOT OF THE SEASIDE NIPPERS!
EL SEA
HELP!
J.R. SPOTS A BLOND
HI HONEY, I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR YOU, I'VE BOOKED A WEE TABLE FOR LATER. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
EL SUN
EL BEACH
LATER AT EL SHATMA LOAD....
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO HAVE, STEAK, CHICKEN. ...WHAT DO YOU FANCY DOLL?
AND THE REPLY....
SEAFOOD SALAD
AFTER THE FOOD.. BACK AT EL MAGAFF..
ZEBED IS TOO SMALL YOU WILL HAVE SQUEEZE RIGHT UP TO ME.
THAT'S THE IDEA HEN. I DON'T WANT YOU CATCHIN' A CHILL OR ANYTHING!
THEN DISASTER STRUCK...
SPANISH TUMMY
THE BOTTOM FELL OUT OF J.R.S WORLD....
WHAT A PAIN IN THE ASS. SIX HOURS ON THE THRONE AND I CAN'T..... PASADOBELY.
IT'S EIGHT O'CLOCK, I HAVE TO GO
Somme.

VERBAL RELAXITIVES

Q. What is the difference between a wage-rise and an erection ?

A. The wife will blow your wage-rise no problem.

Q. What do you get if you cross a vibrator with a tortoise?

A. An ARMADILDO.

Q. What's the smelliest thing in the world?

A. An Anchovy's fanny.

Q. Why did God give women legs?

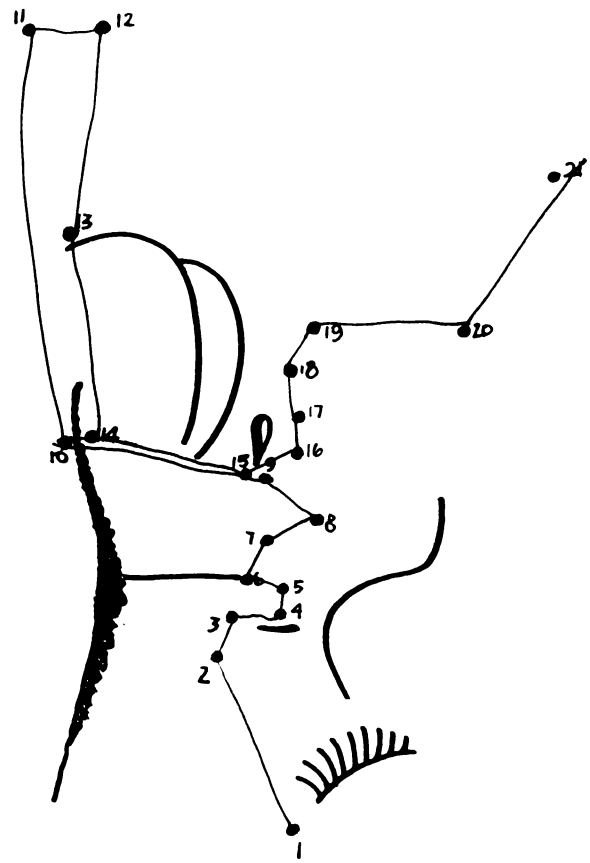
A. Have you ever seen the mess a snail makes?

Q. What is the Ideal Woman?

A. A raving nymphomaniac that turns into a Pizza at 3 in the morning.

Q. What do you call a man with four fannies?

A. Freddie and the Dreamers.



SPOT THE DIFFERENCE!

THE MAGNIFICENT MENTOL MAC BAM BROTHERS in A ZANDER PRODUCTION OF: "COME TAE MALKY'S WEDDING"

©1989 DAVE ZANDER

AFTER DAYS OF FRUITLESS SEARCHING, **SHUG** FINALLY GOES TO THE ONLY PLACE IN THE WORLD WHERE HE STANDS A CHANCE OF GETTING A PAIR OF GENUINE 1967 PINK VELVET BELL-BOTTOMS WITH EMBROIDERED 25" FLAIRS...

PADDY'S MARKET...

Editors Note :

I'm sure there's a moral to this story somewhere, but I sure as hell can't work out what the fuck it is !

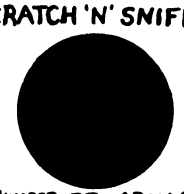
(Ah don't fukkin know eethir YABASSA! Pudden)

SPANDEX Sue ★★★★
FISH & CHIPS 651
NO KIDDIN' AH'M SURE THAT GUY IN THERE IS A NECRO MANCER!!
NO WAY! NECROMANCERS DON'T EAT SAVELOY SAUSAGE !!!
YEAH...BUT...LOOK! WOOOAAAHRG!! IT'S SPANDEX SUE!
HEY! SUE BABY! AH'VE GOT A CROTCHBUSTIN' TROUSERSNAKE HERE JUST PYIN' TO CRAWL INTO YOUR PANTS! WADDAYASAY?
THRASH
HUH! SURE IT'S NOT A COCKTAIL SAUSAGE DOWN YOUR JEANS ASSHOLE- OR DID YOU ACTUALLY MANAGE TO GET A HARDON?
LISTEN DOLL! MAH NO GOOD CHICK DONE LIT OUT ON ME! AND AH NEED SOME HARD LOVIN'! SO LET'S SCREW!
LOOK BITCH! AH DON'T NEED NO "AXE" TO GRIND WHEN AH CAN TWANG MAH WANG! KERRANG!
HOW'S THIS FOR EATIN' PUSSY? OZZY OSBOURNE HUZNY GOT A LOOK IN! MUNCHITY - CRUNCHITY!
MEEYOWLL!!!
GET REAL! PUS HEAD!
OH YEAH? TRY PLUGGING IT INTO A WALL SOCKET!
I'M AN ANIMAL LOVER SHITHEAD! BUT I'LL MAKE AN EXCEPTION IN YOUR CASE! WRAP YOUR GONADS ROUND THIS!
WAAAARGH! MAH BROTHER'S A ROADIE WI' ANTHRAX! CHOMP!!!
SPARKY?!
I DON'T GIVE A TOSS IF YOUR SISTER IS A GROUPIE WITH HERPES! TRY A BUCKSHOT SUPPOSITORY YOU MUTHA!
A MOSHIN' SPECIAL!
KRUNSH!
BOOM!
KRASH!
THRASH ME GENTLY!
FISH & CHIPS 651
HI SUE, SORRY I TOOK SO LONG - BEEN A RIOT OR SOMETHING?
:GROAN: ANY CHANCE O' A PUDDEN SUPPER LUIGI?
OH... NOTHING I COULDN'T HANDLE. WHAT KEPT YOU?
WELL... YOUR SAVELOY SAUSAGE TOOK AGES...
GUNN

LIKE FREAK OUT! IT'S SHUG'S COSMIC PSYCHODELIC GROOVE MACHINE!

PURE DEAD MEAT MAN.... ©ZANDER '89

SCRATCH 'N' SNIFF



NUMBER 37 AROMA OF AFGHAN BLACK

ODE TO A JOINT...

A JOINT COST LITTLE BUT GIVES MUCH, IT ENRICHES THOSE WHO RECEIVE WITHOUT MAKING POORER THOSE WHO GIVE.

IT TAKES BUT A MOMENT TO ROLL BUT THE MEMORY OF IT SOMETIMES LASTS FOREVER - NONE IS SO RICH OR MIGHTY THAT HE CANNOT BE IMPOVERISHED BY IT, AND IS SO POOR THAT HE CANNOT BE ENRICHED BY IT.

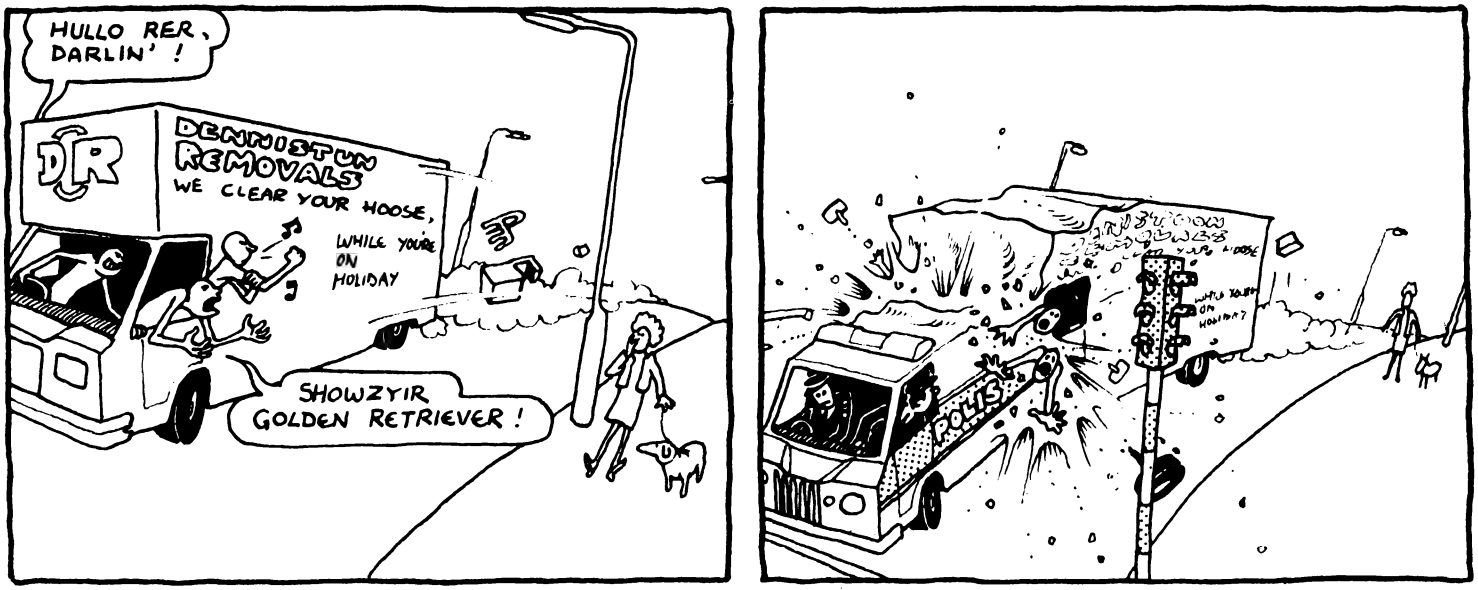
A JOINT CREATES HAPPINESS IN THE HOME, FOSTERS GOODWILL IN BUSINESS, BRINGS REST TO THE WEARY AND CHEER TO THE DISCOURAGED. A JOINT IS OF NO VALUE UNLESS IT IS PASSED AROUND. SOME PEOPLE ARE TOO MISERABLE TO GIVE YOU A TOKE - GIVE THEM ONE OF YOURS, AS NONE NEEDS A JOINT SO MUCH AS HE WHO HAS NO MORE TO GIVE. in peace - JAMMA

TANTRIC LOVEMAKING POSITIONS~

SAVE THE TREES! This page is printed on recycled copies of the "SUN" - please wash your hands after use.

Doctor KILLMERR
BY DUNN
ANOTHER USUAL DAY AT THE SURGERY AND DOCTOR KILLMERR GETS READY TO SEE HIS FIRST VICTIMS PATIENT
NURSE COULD YOU PLEASE COME IN!
YES DOCTOR
NURSE I WANT YOU TO GET UNDRESSED!
HEAVENS ABOVE! HERE I AM AGREEING TO BEING TOTALLY ABUSED!
CONDEMNED TO THE MOST DISGUSTING DEPRAUITIES!!....
FLING
COME HERE!
BOOM! BOOM!
SURRENDERING TO THE MOST REVOLTING PERVERSIONS..... AAAAHHHHH!
JUST WANTED TO SEE IF YOU WAS VACCINATED FOR HAYFEVER!!

TYPICAL BEHAVIOUR WITH WELL-DESERVED CONSEQUENCES



Scottish Historical Tradition 1. The Greeting

PROF. SMOOTH-STOPPER GLASGOW HISTORICAL INST. © 1989

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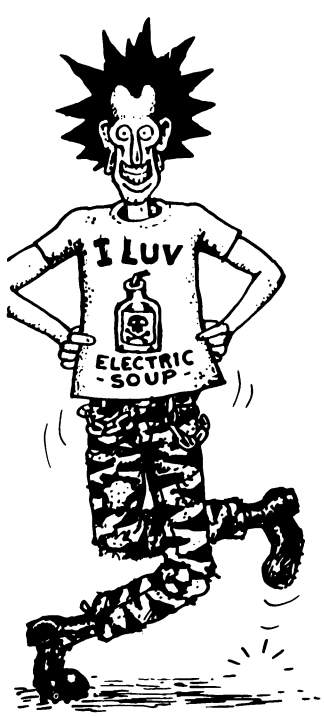

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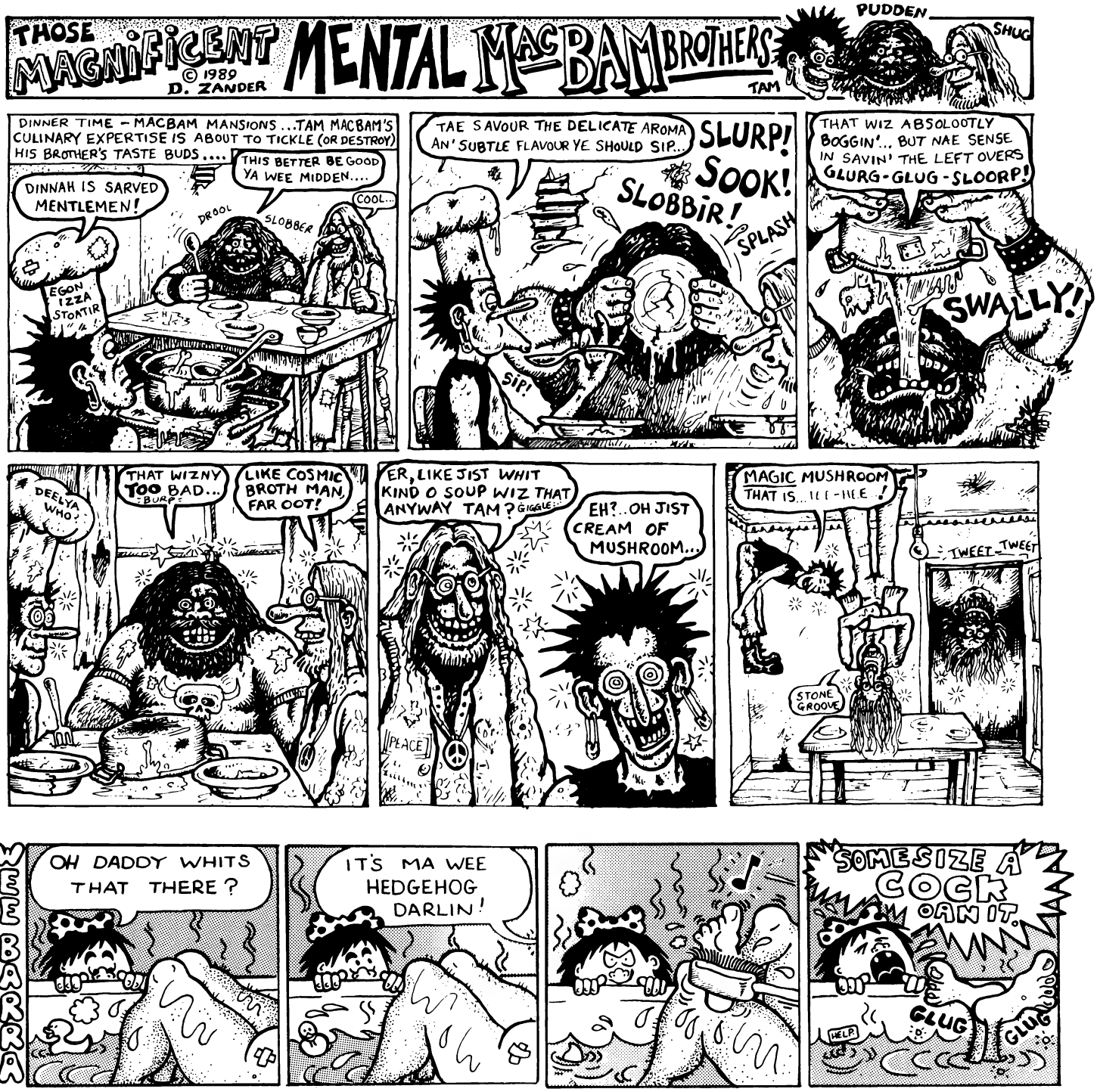
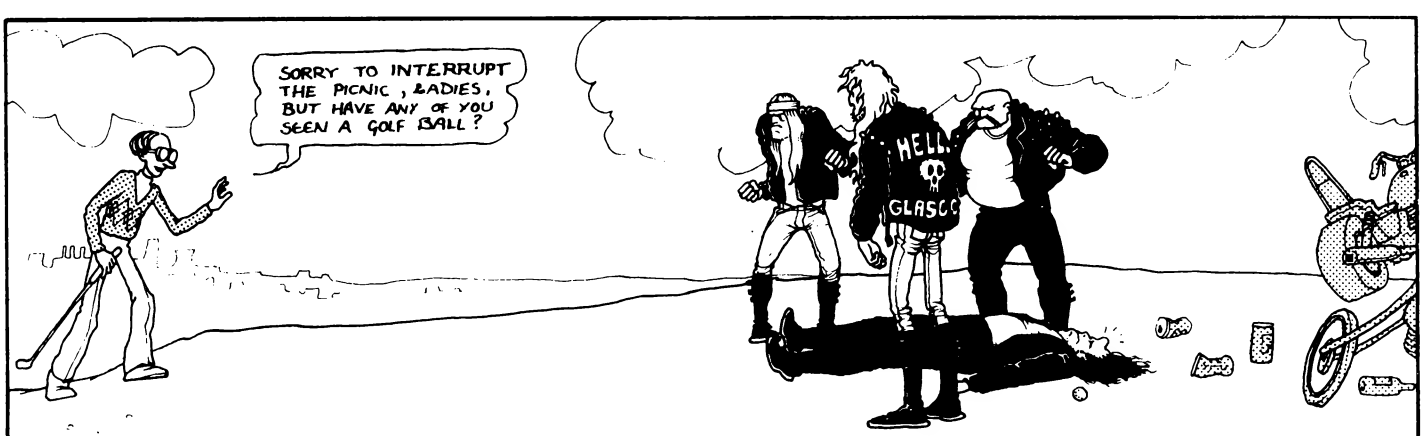


SPECKY McSPORRAN (The Short-sighted Bastard)



WENDY THE WEST END TRENDY

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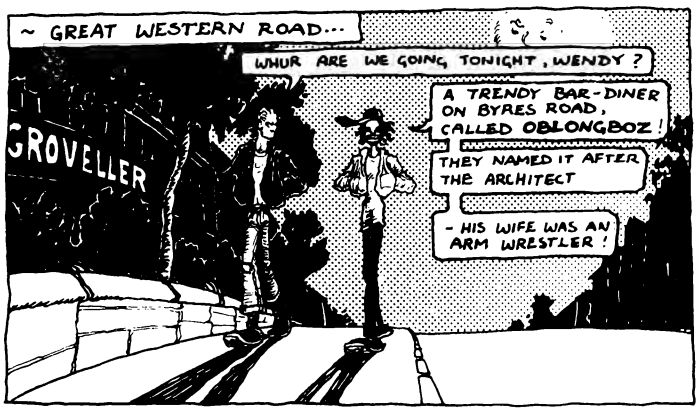
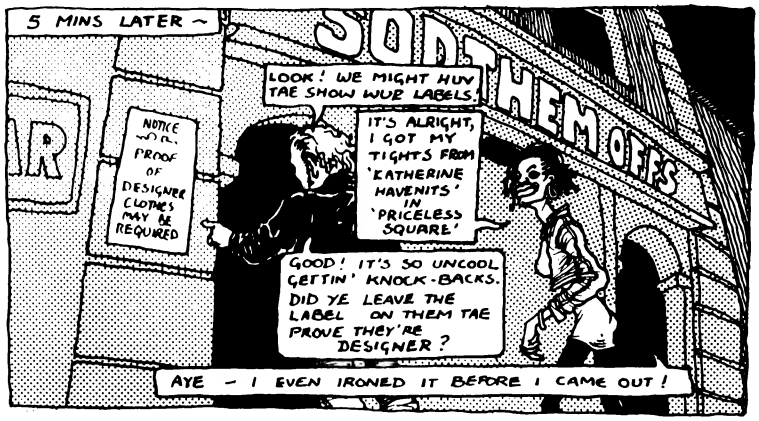
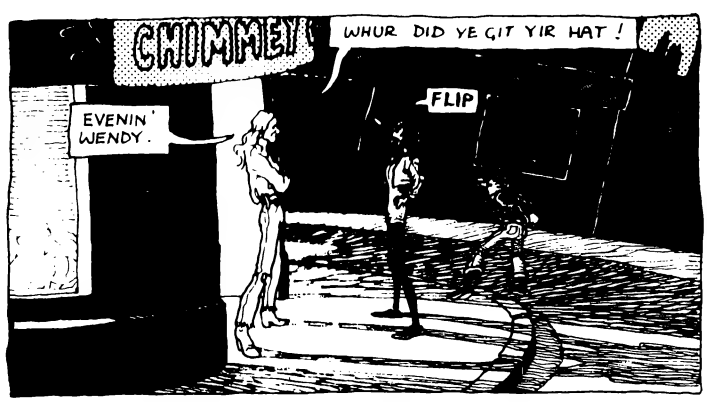
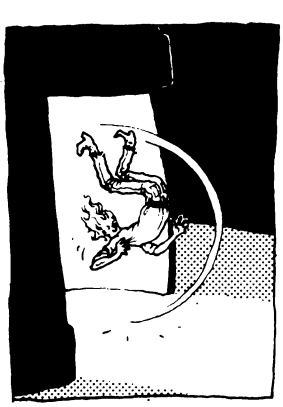








THE Scum

SEPTEMBER 1989

The Scum's the one for Scotland!

TITTYLATING TANYA BARES ALL ON PAGE 3!

And the Scum asks – did "Electric Ed" DeLanny Tanyer Beaver, Tanya ?

VILE SICK & DISGUSTING

Maggie grasps offending organ . . .

By Our Shitehall Correspondent KEECHBUM TOLYFART

MAGGIE IN SHOCK SUPPORT OF VILE NEW RAG!

Prime Minister Margaret Snatcher today rocked the House of Commons with her outspoken defence of the vile new comic "Electric Soup".

Erect Members

In a shock statement to the House, Maggie had members erect when she dropped her ~~knick~~ bombshell statement, describing Electric Soup as "a f*****g good laugh — I'd recommend it to any bassa!"

EXCLUSIVE!

by SCUM Literary Correspondent KINTY McFAKK

Sick reprobator De Lanny in depraved comic outrage!

VILE, SICK AND DISGUSTING! Yes Scum readers, that's the verdict of your daring, caring Scum on the filthy, vile new comic "Electric Soup", and it's vile, sick and disgusting editor "Electric Ed" De Lanny! Widespread condemnation of the sick mag was widespread.

Mrs. Marie Whitearse of the National Association of Zealous Interfering Shitheads, supported the Scum's campaign for higher moral standards in the publishing industry.

BUMWIPE

She stated: "Vile, sick and disgusting filth like this isn't even fit for wiping your bum on — that's the main reason why I buy the Scum".

VILE SICK BASTARD

Mr. De Lanny was not available for comment last night, so we made this up on his behalf: "Yes! I admit that I'm a totally irresponsible, vile, sick, disgusting, filthy, alcoholic, drug ridden, poxy bastard; and what's more — I don't even read the Scum! The full story (with sordid pictures) inside on pages 2, 3, 5, 8-15, 17, 18, 19, 23-30, 31 & 32.

● Filthy Reprobate Edward De Lanny caught by Scum photographers in the company of luscious Girl Guide Leader Tanya Beaver . . . .

Soup Ed Slammed in Shock Shitsheet Slander Smear !

ELECTRIC ED PUTS THE BOOT IN !

YES! Electric Soupers, This is the kind of self righteous, moralising keech we and our beloved editor " Electric Ed" have had to endure at the foul hands of the toilet paper press!

We at the Electric Soup Press wish to put it on record that we feel shocked and outraged at the scandalous attacks made on our Editor in Chief Mr. Edward De Lanny by the 'Scum' newspaper.

At the moment we are in the process of consulting with our legal advisors – Olliva Hamshank, Kumm & Shute & Co., solicitors., with the definite intention of pursuing a case of ~~Lanny~~ Libel.

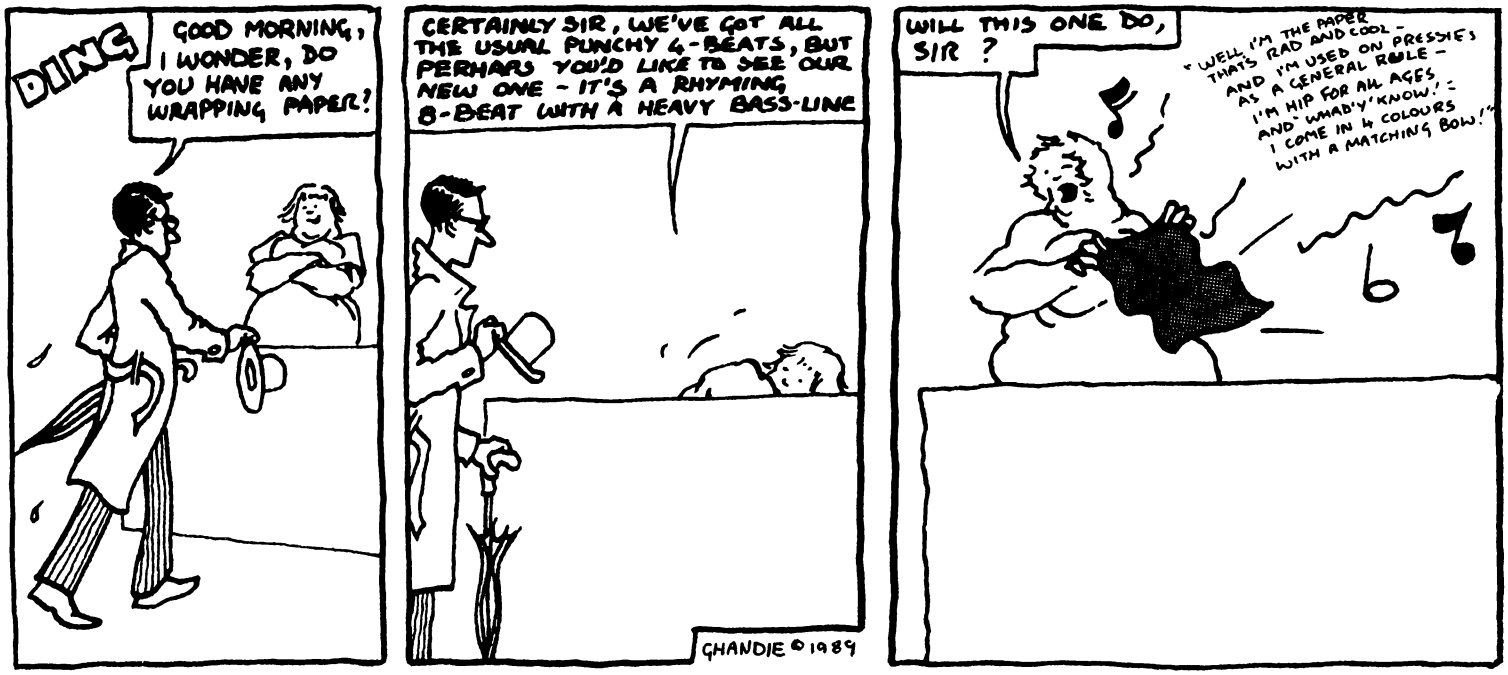
Your continued financial support will therefore be much welcomed. Yours sincerely,

Edward De Lanny, Editor.

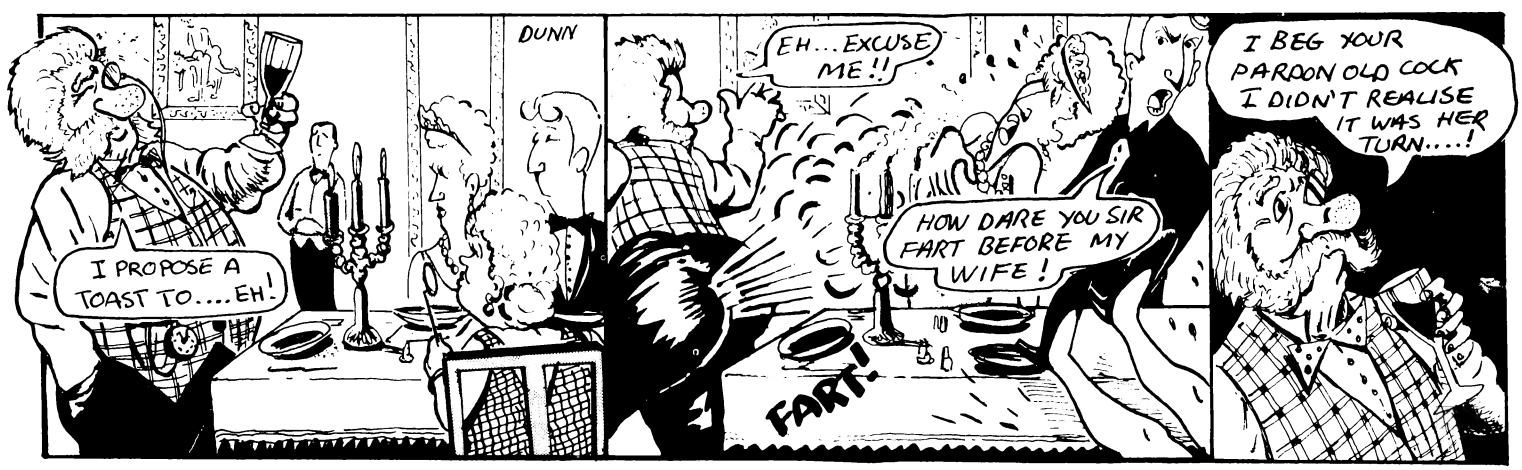
Electric Ed De Lanny

ELECTRIC SOUP PRESENTS : A STUNNING NO EXPENSES ~~SPARED~~ SOMME/ZANDER CO-PRODUCTION :

"The Customer's always Wrong!"



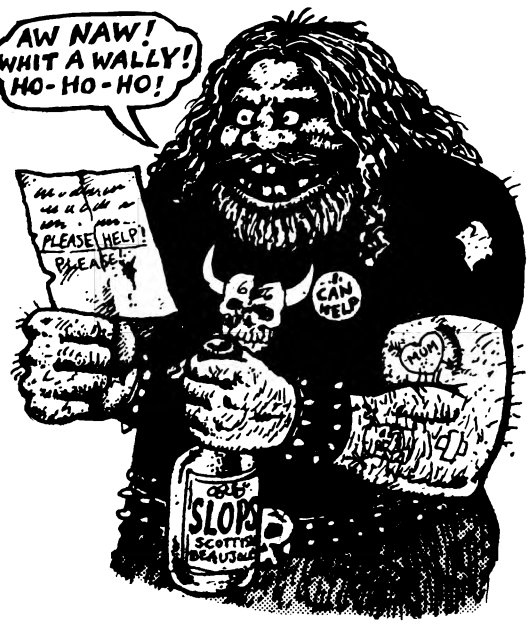
GAS LEAK IN THE MEARNS



TSB
The Silly Bank

ELECTRIC SOUP'S VERY OWN AGONY AUNT ANSWERS YOUR PERSONAL & INTIMATE PROBLEMS,

"Dear Pudden...."



Dear Pudden,

I have a nipple growing out of the middle of my forehead. What should I do ?

Pudden Replies:

Mmm. not sure, but avoid wearing a cheesecloth headband.

Dear Pudden,

Since the age of six I've been a regular bed-wetter, I am now twenty-three. Do you think it's time I changed the sheet ?

Pudden Replies:

Nah, Just turn it over.

Dear Pudden,

I keep using the phrase "What does this mean." What does this mean ?

Pudden replies:

How the fuck should I know?! Piss of and leave me alone ! Know what I mean.

Dear Pudden,

I have two extra arms which grow out of my ears. What should I do ?

Pudden Replies:

Find someone with the same problem, stand face to face one metre apart, join hands with each other and rent yourselves out as a clothes horse.

Dear Pudden,

How do you remove beer stains from the carpet ?

Pudden Replies:

I don't, I just spill more stuff on the dry patches until it all seeps together and then you can't tell the difference.

£10 LETTER

Dear Pudden,

You're my last hope - if you can't help me nobody can. My problem is this - I'm being tormented by a group of girls at school. They are older than I am and in the 5th Year. I am only in my third year. I will tell you exactly what happens. At lunchtime I make my way to our Bible Study Class. To get there I have to pass the school gymnasium. On the last twenty or thirty occasions I have been grabbed by about fifteen screaming girls and dragged into the showers. There, they strip me naked and hold me down while smothering me with soap, and practice all sorts of discusting perversions on me - often for several hours at a time. They also force me into performing degrading sexual acts on them while the rest touch me all over and cheer and shout.

I am left feeling confused, dirty and exploited by these perverted acts, and I wonder Pudden if you can advise me, being the sort of caring and humane person you are. Do you think I should go to the Police and swear out a formal complaint against them ? Please Help me Pudden.

Yours in desperation, Nigel Cockhampton.

PUDDEN REPLIES:

Dear Nigel,

This is by far one of the most harrowing letters I have come across in the last few months (and I really did come across this one). The sexual harrassment of single males by groups of young nubile girls is sadly not on the increase in most areas in this country. In your case I would most definately NOT inform the Police about this matter, as you have no witnesses to the degrading acts which took place. These perversions against you must cease however, and the only way that I think I can help you, is to disguise myself as you (at great personal sacrafice I should add) and try to gather some hard evidence on your behalf to make something stand up in court. I take a size 75" chest (If your school blazer won't fit me I know a good tailor in Paddy's Market). In the meantime try and keep your pecker up. Oh, and also I'll need to borrow your bible.

May God bless you for writing,

Pudden

ALL LETTERS TO

"PUDDEN'S PROBLEM PAGE"

C/O

THE STRATHDUIE

"WORDS of WISDOM -" (from somebody you can Trust!)

THE GREENS® NIGHTMARE ON GLIB STREET

PART 16

Printed by EXPRESS PRINT, 265 DALMARNOCK ROAD, GLASGOW G40.

KEEP YER PEEPERS PEELED FUR ISSUE NO. 2 OF ELECTRIC SOUP!
OOT AROON THE FURST WEEK IN DECEMBER '89.
Buy it YABASSAS! Ur ah'll cum roon an Stovey ye! sined PUDDEN
GRRR...
LOOK BOY'S NAE HANDS! OH... OH....
♪ WEE WULLIE WINKEE TRA-LA-LA-LA... ♫
THE BIG PUDDEN WUZ HERE.
♪ SHAKE IT ALL OVER ... OH ... ER.. ♫
Motörhog
666
A
BRAIN DEAD
SID-V
SAXON
PEACE ALL OVER
HASH
DRINK SLOPS
IN BOTTLE AND CANS-SLOPS!
D is for DREGZ!
DREGZ LAGER
©ZANDER '89
CHEEZUZZ! THE PERTICK SEWER STATION HUZNY SPRUNG A LEAK EFTERAW..
THE ELECTRIC SOUP PRESS
Published by The Electric Soup Press , Glasgow.